



A FOUL VILLA'S MEN

by Capt. George B. Rodney

If you want to spend some of your time adventuring in another land—in the land of Montezuma, Carranza and Villa; if you want to know the conditions of riot and anarchy, of murder and pillage across the Mexican border, then you want to read this red-blooded story that leads up to and concludes with the attack on Columbus, New Mexico, by Villa and the sending of the American army across the line. It is a story of intense interest, of daring adventure and charming romance.

CHAPTER I.

A Really Nice Young Man.

The purring of a disordered motor made Kynaston look up.

He had not heard a motor car since he had come to this particular section of the Mexican border, now a long six months ago.

The work in suppressing gun runners had not differed here from that along other sections of the line.

The days, which seemed to be weeks long, were spent in fruitless patrols along the hillside.

"Sir!"

Kynaston looked up wearily. He had ridden forty miles that day on the strength of an order from headquarters that told him to investigate a report that American citizens were shipping arms across the border to Villa by means of an aeroplane. The fact that it was obviously ridiculous meant nothing. An order was an order, and he was beginning to be very tired of the border situation.

Across the border he could see from time to time, from the vantage ground of his camp, bodies of the Villista cavalry riding the line, prepared to welcome any gun runner who should smuggle arms across to them.

He well knew that arms were being smuggled across, and that every federal officer knew it, too; but that the matter was one that could not be controlled except by martial law.

"Sir!" said the sergeant again.

"Well, sergeant, what is it?"

"There's a machine broke down up the road a bit and there's no one in it but a couple of ladies. I seen it come down the hill over the San Pedro an hour ago an' then a little while ago I seen a man ride back on a pony. I don't know what's up—"

Rising wearily, Kynaston picked up his revolver and made his way along the rock-strewn path from his camp to the little trail that led due north to "God's country," or due south to revolution and anarchy—whichever way the traveler was inclined.

Four hundred yards away from his picket line, where the horses stamped fretfully, he saw the machine, its engine chugging away like the engine of a tethered torpedo boat. By the machine there knelt in the red New Mexico dust a gray-coated girl whose golden hair, escaped from its veil, caught the direct rays of the sun and radiated them like gold.

She did not hear his approach. It was not till he said quietly, "Can I be of any service to you?" that she sprang to her feet facing him.

"I'm Lieutenant Kynaston, in charge of the local border patrol," continued the young man. "Your mishap was reported to me, and I came down at once to see if I could help you."

"Yes, if you have such a thing as an automobile doctor in your camp," the girl replied whimsically. "I was about to give up in disgust and come to your camp for aid."

"What seems to be the matter?" asked Kynaston, stooping and looking under the machine with an interest that was none the less by reasons of his exhaustive ignorance of the machine.

"If it has colic or just a ring-bone forming I can possibly assist you. If it is anything more serious I doubt my ability—"

"The chauffeur says it is a stripped gear. I sent him back on a hired pony to telegraph for another to be sent to La Juana. Heaven knows how I'll get there—I am Miss Upton. I want you to know Mrs. Fane."

The girl indicated a tall woman with dark eyes sparkling from behind a pink veil, who was leaning over the side of the tonneau. Kynaston bowed and received a charming smile.

"Mrs. Fane," continued the girl, "is to spend a few weeks with me at my father's mine—maybe you have heard of Daniel Upton, who owns the Santa Cruz mine, a few miles to the north?"

Miss Upton waved her hand in the direction of Mexico.

"I should think I have heard of it,"

We have had twenty complaints from the mine of the depredations on it by the revolutionists. That's why we're here—that, and patrolling the border for gun runners."

Miss Upton laughed deliciously.

"I wish you patrolled by motor instead of on horseback," she said, "for then you'd have a mechanic and not a farrier in your camp. As it is I don't suppose any of your men know about automobiles?"

She looked her question. Kynaston found himself hoping that she would ask many more questions if she would only accompany each one with such a look.

"I'm sorry to say," he responded gallantly, "that there isn't one of them who would know a clutch from a spark plug. But if you will come to the camp we can at least give you some tea and a better place to rest than this hot road, and I can send a messenger who is more reliable than your man; at least one who knows the country better."

The two women, shaking the dust from their clothes, joined him. They walked slowly back to the hot little camp in the canyon at the base of the hills, where the cavalymen were gathered in a frankly curious group, looking with unmistakable admiration at the two women as they passed to the little spot of shade afforded by the single tent fly in front of Kynaston's tent.

A deft cook, summoned by a hot trumpet, produced some tea and crackers, and Kynaston, apologizing for the tin cups, settled his visitors as comfortably as he could.

"I wonder what father will say," mused Miss Upton.

Kynaston, gazing in frank admiration at the girl's shimmering, golden hair, her violet eyes, matchless complexion, and perfect, full-bosomed figure, wondered vaguely if there were anything a man could not pardon such a woman.

It was Mrs. Fane who brought him back to earth.

"My dear Mr. Kynaston, what in the world do you find to do here?" she asked. "I have often heard of the monotony of the frontier life of the army, but I have never seen a soldier before, and I see now that all tales I have heard were outrageous exaggerations. No? Diminutions, then. Why don't you die?"

"People don't die in New Mexico; they dry up and blow away," said Kynaston, grinning. "Oh, it isn't so bad. One has his work, and after all, when a man has his work it doesn't matter whether he does it in Washington or Tibet—so long as he does it as well as he can—What is it now, sergeant?"

A khaki-clad cavalymen who was standing at attention saluted punctiliously.

"Sir, a courier has come in with this note for the lieutenant."

He handed over a grimy paper. Kynaston, with a hasty, "Excuse me, please," opened it. He looked up quickly, a light in his eyes that Miss Upton noted with approval.

"Have Corporal Welsh and ten men saddle up at once. No sabers; just rifles, canteens, and a day's rations cooked in the saddle bags."

"Yes, sir."

The sergeant hung on his heel, obviously with something unsaid. Kynaston grinned knowingly.

"Yes, you may go, too," he said. The soldier saluted again and departed. Miss Upton turned to Kynaston with:

"I know. You have received some word that calls you out along the line, isn't that it? And the sergeant wanted to go, why?"

"Every time we get an alarm of any kind each and every man wants to go along, because he thinks each

scare may turn out to be a fight, and he wants to be in it."

"I wouldn't give much for a man who didn't," commented Mrs. Fane.

"So you see I must leave you," said Kynaston. "I have told the sergeant that I want an extra tent put up so that you and Mrs. Fane can have a comfortable place to sleep until your messenger returns. Send my horse up at once, trumpeter." And Kynaston, with a last long look at the beautiful picture that Miss Upton presented as she stood in the shadow of the tent fly, went out to inspect the formation of his detachment.

It had happened so often that it had become a habit—that receiving reports that called for the despatching of a detachment at once to investigate some utterly baseless rumor. Fifty miles east and west ran the line, which was set off at every mile by great rectangular monuments of stone or metal standing grim and gray against the hill rims, each monument marked on the north side with the arms of Mexico, and on the opposite face with the arms of the United States—mute warning that thus far and no farther could rebellion and anarchy be tolerated.

And the warning that those monuments gave was backed up, not by the serried ranks of untold thousands, but by thirty young cavalymen. Just now the little squad of line riders were lolling in the shade of their tents where they watched Corporal Welsh as he superintended the saddling—a painstaking job indeed, for to a cavalymen the slightest wrinkle in a saddle blanket is a serious matter, as it may well put him at foot with a lame horse in the course of a day's march.

Kynaston mounted and, leaving his little squad to move slowly out along the rocky trail, rode quickly back to the tent where the two women sat. Here he swung out of saddle and, tossing his reins to the trumpeter, called out cheerily enough:

"I say, Miss Upton, I hope I will find you and Mrs. Fane here when I return. It has just occurred to me that I ought to give you the warning that is contained in the note I received."

"It will not be safe for you to cross the line here inside of the next twenty-four hours. You know this road leads directly south and connects with the main road to Ojinaga, and there is fighting going on there. It will be extremely unwise for you to leave here, at least until I return. I shall be back by daylight, I think. I can't tell you any more just now. I know Mr. Upton would wish you to act on my advice—"

"Certainly, Mr. Kynaston; we will take your advice and profit by your courtesy until our chauffeur comes back, or until you return. Good luck!"

And Miss Upton waved her white hand cheerily to the youngster as he took the slope at a gallop to join the little squad, which was already well on its way toward the rocky little trail that led eastward to the mesa.

Mrs. Fane watched them till she saw the last man of the little rear-guard pass over the ridge. Then she turned to Dorothy.

"He seems a nice man—a really nice young man," she commented, standing with her hands on her hips, looking down at the younger woman. "I am not at all sure that I have ever seen a better looking man in years."

She eyed Dorothy speculatively. "And he'd make a mighty good match for a young girl like you," she concluded.

"You speak like Methuselah," laughed Dorothy. "Teach me out of the book of your experience."

"My dear," laughed Mrs. Fane, "do you know that a widow of twenty-five is as old—"

"As she wants to be? Yes, just that; and not a day older."

"Do you want him, Dorothy? If you do I will keep my hands off; but I think if you do not that I shall take advantage of the open game laws of this state."

Fearing lest she should betray a touch of jealousy, Dorothy hastily turned the subject. "Oh, for sleep!" she yawned. "I'm going to lie down until the car is repaired. I wonder when we can expect that good-for-nothing chauffeur back with that gear?"

She passed into the tent, where she stood for a moment looking at the crude efforts that Kynaston had made during his month of occupancy to make himself comfortable. Dorothy gave the place a deft touch or two, which seemed to transform it; then, with a little sigh of utter content, she threw herself down upon the narrow canvas cot, pulled the mosquito bar over her pretty head to keep away the ubiquitous New Mexico flies, which stick closer than a brother, and passed away into dreamland.

Drawing her pink veil about her face, Mrs. Fane settled herself at full length in the long canvas reclining chair which Kynaston had placed beneath a Chinaberry tree near his tent. In a few minutes the little camp lay quiet under the stars.

Ordinarily, Kynaston would have welcomed a message that took him from his camp. Anything was a relief that broke the monotony of the long day when the only variation was the shifting of the long shadows from west to east.

The love element already—which girl will find a place in Lieutenant Kynaston's heart, the lovely, beautiful Mrs. Fane or dainty, sympathetic little Dorothy?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Optimistic Thought.

Excellence is never granted to man but as the reward of labor

MODERN DESIGN OF FARMHOUSE

Appropriate Construction That Meets the Needs of Buildings of That Character.

PROVISION FOR THE WORKERS

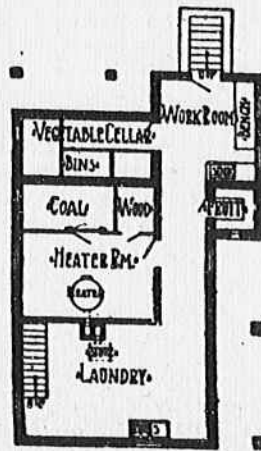
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By WILLIAM A. RADFORD.

A farmhouse that is the most useful must be designed to include many features that are never considered in the ordinary house. The basement, especially, is used so much more on the farm than it is in the city. Rooms such as the washroom in the floor plan shown here also have to be provided.

The basement should be unusually well built. Concrete should be used



Basement Plan.

for the walls and these walls should be carried down to footings at the level of the basement floor. The walls are also usually carried above grade for a couple of feet so that windows can be installed to insure a well-lighted basement. The different parts of the basement should also be insulated from each other, and this is often done by running concrete cross-walls where they are needed. For instance, in this plan, it would be well to have



concrete walls around the vegetable and fruit cellars, so that the heat from the furnace will not penetrate to these parts. The value of the basement for the storage of perishable goods will depend largely on the protection that is given to the parts of the basement that are closed off for this purpose.

It is a good plan to place the workshop near the entrance, as many



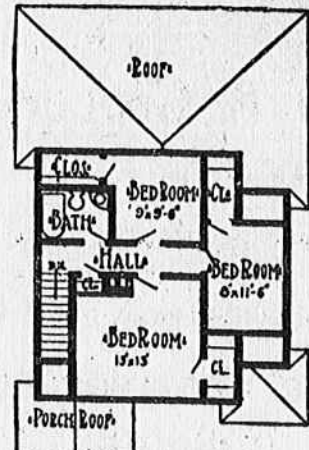
First Floor.

things are carried down to be repaired, and the labor will be cut down if the material does not have to be carried very far. The workshop should be equipped with a bench and the necessary racks and cases to hold the tools that are needed. Every farmer has to be a good handy man, to keep all the machinery that is used on the farm in repair, and a good

workshop with an adequate supply of tools is a good investment.

Very often the fruit cellar contains a refrigerator that can be filled with ice in the warm weather. During cold weather the concrete, being in contact with the ground, will generally keep this little recess cold so as to preserve fruit or other perishable materials that may be stored.

The washroom, in the back part of the house, is a very necessary feature of a well-arranged farmhouse. It makes it possible to keep the rest of the house clean, and concentrates all the unavoidable dirt in this part of the house, where it will do the least harm. Hooks can be placed around



Second Floor.

the wall to hold the men's clothes, and there are also two small closets provided for this purpose. A washstand is provided, so that the men can wash up as they come in to their meals.

From the washroom a door leads directly to the combination kitchen and dining room. These two rooms are combined so as to secure a large place in which there will be plenty of room to feed the large number of men that are present at certain seasons of the year, such as in threshing time. Such a combination is often made so that the work of feeding a crowd of hungry men will be reduced as much as possible. The combination here gives a room that is 20 by 13 feet, which will readily handle quite a few men. This combination room can also be reached from the front hall and from the side porch.

One bedroom is provided on the first floor and will be of considerable use to the men who are kept on the farm the year round.

The living room is in the front part of the house, and is cut off from the back part by the hall, so that the privacy of the family is insured.

The stairs to the second floor are in the front hall that opens to the front porch. The second floor plan calls for three bedrooms and a bath. A central hall makes all the rooms readily accessible. One of the features of this floor is the ample closet space that is provided.

The exterior of this home presents a very attractive appearance. It is rather plainly handled, with no elaborate trimmings or decorations, which

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Be sure to ask for the double strength ointment, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

The Resemblance. "The baby is wonderfully like its mother, Mr. Meeker."

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